

POEMS FOR NOVEMBER.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day;
 "Come over the meadows with me, and play,
 Put on your dresses of red and gold,
 Summer is gone and the days grow cold."

Soon the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
 Down they fell fluttering, one and all.
 Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
 Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and flying, the little leaves went;
 Winter had called them, and they were content.
 Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds.
 The snow laid a white blanket over their heads.

—Anon.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
 And three little piggies had she;
 And she waddled about saying,
 "Umph! umph! umph!"
 While the little ones said, "wee! wee!"

"My dear little brothers" said one of the brats,
 "My dear little piggies" said he;
 Let us all for the future say,
 "Umph! umph! umph!"
 'Tis so childish to say, "wee! wee!"

Then these little pigs grew skinny and lean
 And lean they might very well be;
 For somehow they *couldn't* say
 "Umph! umph! Umph!"
 And they *wouldn't* say, "wee! wee! wee!"

So after a time these little pigs died,
 They all died of *felo de se*;
 From trying too hard to say,
 "Umph! umph! umph!"
 When they only could say, "wee! wee!"

MORAL.

A moral there is to this little song,
 A moral that's easy to see;
 Don't try while too young to say,
 "Umph! umph! umph!"
 For you only can say, "wee! wee!"

—A. S. Scott-Gatty (from a Book of Verses for Children.)

SERVICE.

A poor man served by thee
 Shall make thee rich;
 A sick man helped by thee
 Shall make thee strong.
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
 Of service which thou renderest.

—E. B. Browning.

PUCK'S FLOWER.

By JANE BLAIR REID.

Have you read that pretty play
 Where a mischief-making fay
 Drew a juice of wondrous power
 From a harmless-seeming flower,
 Just one drop of which distilled
 Made all love go as he willed?

If *we* had that magic spell
 We could make folks love us well;
 But alas! 't was fairy brew
 And the flower in Elfland grew.

Yet there is another flower
 That has too, the charmer's power,
 And without the fairies' arts
 We can make it win us hearts.
 Can you guess what it can be?
 'T is the flower of courtesy.

—From the November *St. Nicholas*.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

The teachers of St. John county in nearly full number went to St. Stephen on September 30, to meet in joint session with the Charlotte County Institute. Several valuable papers were read; notably those by Dr. H. S. Bridges on Methods in Teaching, by Miss A. L. Richardson on Geography and by Mr. W. J. Shea on English Grammar. Miss Catherine Robinson gave some illustrations of the system of teaching music that she has so successfully introduced into the St. John schools, showing the work done in Grades I, II and III. Unfortunately time did not allow of any discussion of her address, nor of the full and useful suggestions on Drawing, given by Mr. Hagerman of the Normal School; but the other papers and addresses were followed by good discussions, the discussion on Methods in English Grammar, opened by Mr. W. T. Denham, being particularly to the point. Mr. Vroom was unable to give the promised address on Flags, and his place was taken by Miss Eleanor Robinson, editor of the REVIEW, who spoke on some ways of treating the war in the schoolroom.

The officers elected for St. John county were: President, W. J. Shea; Vice-President, Mr. Wilfred Tait; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Ida Keagin; additional members of Executive, Miss Ward and Miss Colwell. For Charlotte county, the following were elected: President, Miss Edna Giberson; Vice-President, Mr. A. B. Brooks; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. F. O. Sullivan; additional